

The National Republican.

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Amusements.
National.—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence. **Forney.**—Boston Ideal Opera Company. **Conique.**—Harry Montague in "Noble's Dream." **Dime Museum.**—Matinee and evening performances.

Auction Sales.
 By WALTER B. WILLIAMS—Sale of fine silks at Tyler & Cheever's.

By DUNCANSON BROTHERS—At 303 Penn. ave., shelving, counters, show windows, &c.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1884.

Is Mr. BELFORD really sure that a clerk could "illuminate" the understanding of "Calamity" Weller, or does he mean to arm the clerks with an auger to provide admission for the illumination?

SENATOR BLAINE's bill for the reduction in the hours of labor of government employes does not include district employes. This is doubtless an oversight that will be corrected when the bill comes up for consideration.

Does the house wish the country to understand that it indorses the formation of a privileged lobby, composed of its own retired members? If it becomes well understood that such is the case it is conceivable that the position of representative will be invested with added attractions in the eyes of thrifty patriots, without regard to party.

Mr. BECK's bowels of compassion are sorely moved over the discharge of a colored senate employe who hails from his own Kentucky. Pity 'tis he cannot throw his neutral eyes over into Virginia, where the woe of colored men are not limited to loss of position. There the tears of dusky wives and children, and the innocent blood of murdered colored men appeal loudly to his sense of justice and sympathy. Mr. Beck's attention is respectfully directed to Danville, Va.

The democrats in the Ohio legislature have enacted a law gerrymandering the state for congressional purposes. They have arranged for twelve democratic and nine republican districts, but somehow or other neither party have found political expedients of this kind to pay very well in Ohio. For years past it has been the regular thing when the control of the legislature changed to promptly redistrict the state, so that, on paper, the party in control took the greatest possible number of districts, with the almost invariable result of a revolt by the people at the next election that knocked the gerrymander higher than Gildroy's kite. It is not very likely the programme will be varied from this in stance.

MR. ANDERSON's proposed amendment to the rules of the house in relation to the floor privileges of ex-members deserves adoption instead of defeat. It was a genuine step in the way of useful reform. The lobby is a well known and recognized force in deciding legislation, and it is notorious that effective lobby work has been done by ex-members. There is no reason on earth why an ex-member, who chooses to engage in this business, should have the right to ply his calling on the floor of the house, while his associates in the same line are left out in the cold. The amendment could not unpleasantly affect ex-members visiting the house for reasons of friendship and courtesy.

THE tremendous inundation that caused so much loss and suffering in the Ohio valley in February, 1883, seems in a fair way to be duplicated this week. Probably the waters will find a rise as high as they did then, for they went above all previously recorded marks, but already the lower portions of the cities and towns on the river are submerged. At Cincinnati the river is now about sixty-three feet above low water mark. The embankment built to protect Lawrenceburg, Ind., has been swept away, and the unfortunate city is again under water as it was last year. Even if the flood now subsides, it has already caused great destruction of property. It is a deplorable disaster to the farmers of the great valley, who, as it was, could ill bear the burdens imposed by last year's freshet, and with this new sweeping away of lately restored houses, barns, and fences, to say nothing of live stock, implements, and crops, will now be reduced to a condition disheartening in the extreme. If need be, however, the ready sympathy of their countrymen will no doubt be as quickly and substantially manifested as it was in 1883.

THE strong hand of the law has closed over the shrinking form of Mr. Billy McGlory, of New York, and for the time being extinguished one of the most noted characters of the metropolis. For a long time past strangers visiting New York, who were moved by curiosity to wish to inspect the personal appearance of the numerous famous personages there resident, have included Mr. McGlory in the list of names in their memoranda. It cannot be said that Mr. McGlory owed his fame to the class of circumstances or achievements that serve to inspire the stranger with a desire to gaze upon the illustrations of the wickedest men of the city, and as the tripe of an infamous dance house that was the most notorious resort of the abandoned and depraved of both sexes in the city. He sported his diamonds, drove a fast trotter, and rejoiced in the conviction that he was one of the political powers of Gotham. By one of the inscrutable chances that occasionally surprise the outside world a New York grand jury indicted

him for violating the state liquor laws. He was convicted, and a New York judge has sentenced the surprised, grieved, and indignant Mr. McGlory to six months' confinement in the unpleasant seclusion of Blackwell's Island penitentiary.

Bourbons Bulldozing Bourbons.

The Greenville (S. C.) Daily News of the third instant comes to us laden with a grief which commands our profoundest sympathy. It declares "that some of the property holders of the town of Aiken are fighting the subscription to the Carolina, Cumberland Gap and Chicago railroad with the same methods heretofore used to fight radicalism." The News, as will be seen further on, considers these "methods" as "justifiable" when applied to radicalism—i. e., opposition to bourbonism—but very venial and not to be endured when applied to bourbons by other bourbons. This condition of affairs, says the News, "is one of the evils necessarily proceeding from the abnormal condition of our politics." Abnormal is good. We commend it to the South Carolinians in congress as a check upon their proneness to declare that there are no political irregularities in that state. Our ludicrous Greenville contemporary thus proceeds:

Methods which are justifiable when used to save the state from anarchy and ruin are not justifiable under any other circumstances. That fact should be instilled in the public mind without delay. The evil can be checked only in one way, and it ought to be checked before it grows big enough to crush all those who want honesty and freedom to prevail and the right of citizenship to be maintained. Aiken is a good place to begin. Every man who is suspected on reasonable evidence of bulldozing, or attempting to bulldoze, in the town election ought to be indicted, tried in the state courts, and, if found guilty, convicted and severely punished. We must have it understood that questions of policy and politics cannot be discussed and decided as contests between honest men and freebooters. We have a right to resist an invasion of thieves or burglars with deadly weapons, but we have no right to use them to decide disputes with our neighbors, who are as honest as we are and mean as well as we do. If we do use them in that way we ought to be punished, and must be if civilization is to continue.

Dearly beloved brethren of the bourbon democratic persuasion: You can no more have your cake and eat it too than other folks can. You cannot have one code of election morals to regulate your conduct toward political opponents and a better one to govern you in non-political voting. When bulldozing is resorted to on the pretense of saving the state from anarchy, the bulldozers make themselves the judges of the necessity. When you justify their acts, you cannot afterward instill into the public mind the idea that they are not equally good judges of any new necessity for like "methods." When you turn elections between political parties into a burlesque, on the ground that your opponents are "freebooters," "thieves, and burglars," to be resisted "with deadly weapons," you invite the same treatment of yourselves by those who have the power to inflict it whenever you advocate what they choose to denounce in similar terms. You are caught in your own trap, and the poisoned chalice you have prepared for others is returned to your own lips. You cry out that crime is only justifiable as against radicals, freebooters, thieves, and burglars, but that "we"—i. e., you and those who now bulldoze you—"have no right to use them (i. e., deadly weapons) to decide disputes with our neighbors who are as honest as we are and mean as well as we do." Aye, there's the rub. The men who bulldoze you do not agree that you are as honest as they, or that you mean as well. They have as good a right to judge of that as you have to judge your party opponents and doom them to outlawry. You are simply reaping the fruits of the anarchy you have aided to produce. If any portion of society may set itself up over the remainder by violence and in defiance of the constitution and the laws, then government is a question of might only, and not of numbers, intelligence, or moral worth. We quite agree with the Greenville News that such violence must be restrained if civilization is to continue. Reform it altogether.

Fitz-John Porter.
 Fitz-John Porter must be judged by military rules; if they clearly justify his course, the court-martial was in error, and he gains a standing morally which he does not hold legally. The case, however, must not rest upon any afterthoughts, nor upon any forced or doubtful construction of rules made to meet his special case, because he is a good fellow, and because on some other occasions he obeyed orders and performed his duty. There was a man named Benedict Arnold who many times fought for his country, and yet betrayed her, whom George Washington would have hung like a dog could he have laid hands on him. These rules are supposed to be well known by all great generals, and especially by generals that have received a regular military education. One of these generals, in the estimation of Porter and Blount, is George B. McClellan. On the fourteenth of July, 1861, Gen. McClellan, at Huttonsville, telegraphed to Gen. Hill at Rowlesburg:

Garnett's army completely routed yesterday (thirteenth) at 2 p. m. at Cheat river, on the St. George road; baggage captured, one gun taken, Garnett killed, his forces demoralized. I charge you to complete your operations by capturing the remainder of his force. If you have but one regiment, attack and check them until others arrive. You may never have such an opportunity again. Do not throw it away. Conduct this movement in person, and follow them a fortnight.

This order shows that McClellan then thought it in accordance with rules to command a subordinate to attack an overwhelmingly superior force, and, as he said in another order, fight it to the last man. His estimate of Garnett's force was good; Hill's one regiment less than 1,000. This settles the matter. Pope did not order Porter to attack such disproportionate numbers, and hence the latter's refusal to obey because he knew Longstreet had a larger force cannot be justified without justifying Hill and every other subordinate who may refuse obedience because he is confronted by a force he thinks he cannot handle.

Gen. Grant has come to Porter's rescue; but it is to Grant's great expense, we are sorry to say. Gen. Grant made an attack at Cold Harbor, which resulted in perhaps the greatest slaughter of our troops during the war. His justification has been that there are times when a general must attack though with full knowledge that he will be whipped;

and of this the general, and not his subordinates, is the sole judge and arbiter. Now, to come in and say that Pope was wrong in ordering Porter to move when a superior force was confronting his line of march, and Porter was right in disobeying because he might have been whipped by Longstreet, rather leaves Gen. Grant at the mercy of the defamers who, for twenty years, have denounced him with full copperhead venom as a "heartless butcher."

Will the senate thus undermine Ulysses S. Grant for the sake of whitewashing the man who was not loyal to his chief? We shall see. This thing reaches out wider than some thoughtless people think.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE NATIONAL—"THE MIGHTY DOLLAR."

The National theater last evening presented the appearance of a grand opera night when some favorite prima donnas in billed for a popular part. There was a large attendance of distinguished and prominent people than is generally the case at a theater, no matter what the attraction. The central part of the orchestra was taken up by two large and fashionable leap-year parties—the one of a hundred members, headed by Miss Elaine and Miss Miller, and the other of some thirty, led by Mrs. Johnson. Ladies and gentlemen were in full dress, and the display of rich and tasteful costumes was elaborate. The house was packed, there not being a vacant seat from floor to topmost gallery. Included in these parties were members of the diplomatic corps, and the most prominent representatives of Washington society.

The play was "The Mighty Dollar," with Mr. Florence as Hon. Bardwell Sloate and Mrs. Florence as Mrs. Gen. Gilflory. It was presented with admirable effect. Mr. Florence entered fully into the spirit of the character and brought out every phase of Sloate with an artistic fidelity to nature that was received with continuous laughter. All the humor of the character, with its unconscious self-irony, its hard, cold, ignoble selfishness, was presented in Florence's happiest vein. As Mrs. Gen. Gilflory Mrs. Florence carried the audience from the start. The audience was kept in a continuous state of morriment, Mrs. Gilflory's delicious French pronunciation being a main factor in the mirth. The perfect absence of effort, the thorough identification of the actor with the character, the artistic observance of every detail, all afforded scope for appreciative enjoyment, and the charming actress, with her inimitable companion, was repeatedly called to the front. The support was very good.

Miss Ethel Greybrooke as Clara Dart, the millionaire's wife, presented a finished portrait, whose high merit was at once recognized and appreciated by the audience. A quiet intensity, which was eminently natural, and therefore true, characterized the presentation of the part. Mr. Davenport Robus as Arthur Lemaire, Mr. Charles Dade as Lord Cairngorm, Mr. C. H. Thompson as Col. Tom Dart, and Mr. Henry Holland as Roland Vance especially deserve mention. The Libby Ray of Miss Helen Corlette was decidedly good. The play was elegantly mounted, the scenery in the first act especially (summer garden scene) being radiant with colored lights.

To-night "The Mighty Dollar" is repeated, and also to-morrow matinee. To-morrow night "Facts; or, His Little Hatchet" will be presented, with Mr. Florence as the Governor and Mrs. Florence as Miss Matilda Starr. On this occasion a beautiful little silver hatchet will be presented to each lady present as a souvenir of the play.

THE OPERA HOUSE—"THE MUSKETEERS."

Varney's opera of "The Musketeers" as presented by the Ideals at Ford's last evening was as exhilarating as a glass of Vouge Cielot that owed its vintage to a comet year. The plot, replete with droll situations, carries the audience along without a moment for weariness, and while the music does not tax the full powers of the company, it is of that peculiarly piquant character that makes every strain linger in the ear. As Narcisse de Brissac Mr. W. H. MacDonald gave a perfect picture of the rollicking, debonaire captain of the Gray Musketeers, and easily carried off the honors of the night. In the first act his solo of "A Woman and a Sword" gave but small opportunity for the display of his magnificent vocal powers, and it was reserved for the school room scene of the second act to demonstrate a most finished piece of acting. In this scene where De Brissac, disguised as a pilgrim monk and primed with the generous wine of the convent, insists on preaching a sermon on love from the text, "Let Prudent Chicks Never Mix," Mr. MacDonald gave a picture of a tipsy man that was divested of everything offensive and yet retained all the droll humor of inebriation. The enthusiastic recall which was accorded at the close of this act to all the principals was a well-deserved tribute to each and every one of them.

The trio of "Tis a Lady" and the concerted number at the close of first act were most enthusiastically received, as was also the solo of Miss Marie Stone, "Should Robin sit my Window Top." Miss Umar as Marie, and Mr. Morsell as Contran, sang charmingly, and in the romance, "By Night, by Day," Miss Umar received a hearty encore. Mr. Morsell was new honors in the solo, "My Dream of Love," and throughout sustained the role of the love sick soldier in a manner that caused his many friends to feel proud of his steady advancement as an actor and an artist.

In the third act Miss Marie Stone, whose Simone was perfect, interpolated Ardit's waltz song, "L'Incontro," which she sang exquisitely. Mr. Frothingham's Abbe Bridaine was fully up to his usual high standard, and the choruses, with perhaps a single exception, were even beyond the mark.

To-night will be given "Fra Diavolo," and Mr. Whitney, who sustains the role of Beppo, will introduce in the third act Sir Henry Bishop's song, "The Robbers," a composition which affords him opportunity to show the wonderful powers of his voice, especially in the lower register.

BRIGNOLE.
 In consequence of the Marine band being officially engaged on Tuesday evening next, Signor De Vivo, manager for Signor Brignoli, announces that the night of "Don Pasquale" has been changed from that evening to-morrow, FEBRUARY 9.

A new military march, "Après le Combat," composed, and dedicated to George Law, esq., by Signor Brignoli, will be played by a full band, especially engaged, between the acts of the opera. This composition, when first performed in New York at Chickering hall, was received with enthusiasm.

Climatic Effects.

San Fran. Geo. Chronicle.

A change of residence often works a curiously transformation in character. Take, for instance, a newspaper man, late of Carson, who was regarded as the finest type of the sage-brush dude and masher. When he recently transferred his belongings to Tucson he sent up as a Green-Roman wrestler and is now training for a match with one of the bad men of that territory. It is not stated whether he has found it necessary to discard corsets, pads and other appliances for giving manly beauty and symmetry to the dude of the period.

ON THE AVENUE.

Small Talk About Men and Measures.

"Do you notice," asked the gentleman from Philadelphia, "what a serious, melancholy, almost morose look, Henri Waterson's face wears? That is the result of his experience as a congressman. Waterson has not always been the advocate of free trade and the rejuvenator of senile democratic candidates for the presidency. His district once consented, almost unanimously, that he should come to congress. Waterson had not fairly settled himself in Washington before an old lady down in Tennessee, who had known him when he was a boy, wrote to him for some seeds. He asked a friendly old member from New York as to the formula to be used in getting seeds, and was informed that he must write to the commissioner of agriculture, telling what he wanted and giving the address to which he wanted the seeds sent. He did write, and either through his own careless wording of the note or through somebody's mistake at the agricultural department, Waterson's entire supply of seeds went to the old lady in Tennessee. There were several sacks full of them. In a few days letters began to come by the score from Waterson's own constituents, each one demanding seeds. When he wrote to the commissioner of agriculture he was informed that his supply was exhausted. He again sought the advice of his friend, the New York member, and explained the situation. The New York man told him that there was but one course to pursue, and that was to borrow seed from members who represented only commercial and manufacturing districts. From that time on until congress adjourned sine die, during all business hours, Waterson devoted himself exclusively to borrowing seeds. That is the reason so many people never knew that he was in congress. He had no time for congressional work. He had to borrow seed. That is the reason, also, why Waterson's face wears a cast of gloom. He used to smile as well as any other man before he became a congressman, and he has smiled since, but not in Washington. The sight of the city always affects him unpleasantly, and they say that occasionally when he is just about to convince some Pennsylvania congressman that nothing but free trade will now save this wretched country he stops short in his argument, and with a far-away look in his eye, asks the loan of a sack of seed."

Representative Holton, of Maryland, introduced in the house yesterday a bill for the relief of the legal representatives of Rinaldo Johnson and Anne G. Johnson. In 1814 Rinaldo and Anne G. lived at Magruder's warehouse, Prince George county, Maryland. The people up in that country had been warned that the British were coming and that they must secure their valuables. Accordingly Rinaldo and Anne G. put the 145 hogheads of tobacco which constituted their principal possessions in a warehouse. Up the river came the British, driving Commodore Barney flying before them. They burned both warehouse and tobacco, without ever stopping to ask the Johnson family if tobacco smoke were disagreeable. This is how the Johnsons lost their tobacco, and they have been trying ever since to get the United States to pay them for it. Every year, for more than sixty years, there has been a bill in congress to pay for that tobacco. Frequently committees have reported favorably upon it, and more than once it has passed one or the other house, but somehow never has the legislative work of relief been completed. In 1859 Ben Wade made a favorable report upon the Johnson claim, and the names of other noted statesmen appear in connection with it. Some of these old reports have been worn to dust by long handling in committee rooms and have disappeared, others are in small pieces, and no reading of them is very difficult, but so long as a bit of report is large enough to be handed the claimants preserve it and file it with their petition.

The papers come this year in a strong new, brown pasteboard box. No man knows how many such boxes have been worn by the occupancy of those papers since first they started on their weary round of travel. Rinaldo and Anne G. were long since gathered to their fathers. Their children inherited and pressed the claim, but they, too, have now all been dead for a long time. Of the present legal representatives of Rinaldo and Anne G. Johnson but one is a grandchild of the original claimants. Whether the government ever pays the claim or not it certainly would have been cheaper to have paid it when first presented, at least, if the time of statesmen who have been examining it for several generations is reckoned to be of any value.

"The perennial and everlasting nature of these claims against the United States was very forcibly impressed upon my mind last year," said the ex-congressman from Maryland. "One of my constituents, a very old, old man, happened to be in Washington one day when the house was in session and he asked me what was going on. I told him we were considering the Meade claim. 'Good God,' said he, 'are you working at that Meade claim still?' He looked very thoughtful and a little bit bewildered. I urged him to tell me the cause of his astonishment. 'This is the second time in my life,' he said, 'that I have visited Washington. The first time was more than twenty years ago, when I was a small boy. One of my uncles brought me to Washington to see the United States congress in session. What do you suppose congress was doing then? It was considering the Meade claim. Twenty years ago the union soldiers were passing through Maryland. The camp of a great general was near my farm. I sent a boy to invite him over to my house, where I thought he could have something better to eat and a more comfortable place to sleep than in his tent. He came to my house and he said his name was Gen. Meade. Then I told him that I had never heard the name but once before, and that was fifty years ago, when I heard congress discussing the Meade claim. The general told me that the original claimant was his father. That was queer enough, but now you tell me congress is considering the Meade claim. I thought for an instant that the consideration had been given right along for seventy years; but of course that's absurd. I don't wonder that the old man was puzzled. Just think of a man seeing the United States congress but twice in his life, and at dates separated by a period of seventy years, and finding it doing the same thing each time.'"

W. E. Pressey, of New Hampshire, was one of the doorkeeper's messengers in the last congress, and his duty was to guard the east door of the house. Of course, he had to be there on the first day of the first session of this congress. When the time came for calling the house to order, Pressey, with the other messengers, began to clear the floor of the house of people who had not the right to remain there. He stepped up to one long and rather lean young man, evidently a stranger, and to him he dictatorially said, "Come, come, you'll have to get out of here. Move out. This floor must be cleared." The long and rather lean stranger turned and looked at him. "Your name's Pressey, ain't it?" said he. "Yes, I thought it was. I like you, I must say I like you blank, blank, blank. Don't ever stand on your head or the weight of that gall of yours will break your neck. You are an exceedingly bright young man, also, fresh, quite fresh—oh, yes, a little bit too fresh, I can tell you. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll have your place taking care of that door in an hour from now." The long and rather lean stranger told the truth. In a hour he was appointed in place of Pressey, removed, and to this day the long and rather lean stranger guards the east door.

Rev. Dr. Leonard's Lecture.
 The Rev. William A. Leonard, pastor of St. John's church, delivered a short and interesting lecture in Guild hall of St. John's church, Twenty-second street and Virginia avenue northwest, last night. His subject was, "A Tour Through Switzerland." He spoke of the size of Switzerland, saying it is slightly larger than the state of Maryland. In speaking of Mont Blanc, he said it had been ascended only once, and then by a lady and her sister. He spoke of the beautiful scenery, the habits and customs of the people, and concluded his lecture with a description of the difficulties of the people in reaching the houses of worship. There was a large attendance, and after the lecture hot coffee and cake were served, and games were indulged in.

Gov. Foster's Nonsense.
 Cincinnati Volksblatt.
 Gov. Foster's assertion that Mr. Arthur could not gain the state of Ohio, if he should be put up as a presidential candidate, is sheer nonsense. It is a presidential election, and the state legislatures conduct themselves in such a manner that the state can be gained by a republican November next. Mr. Arthur could just as surely obtain the electoral vote of the state as any other respectable republican candidate. If the presidential election had taken place immediately after the death of Garfield, Mr. Foster's assertions would have had some basis, for at that time Mr. Arthur was by no means popular with the mass of people. Since that time, however, public opinion about him has changed radically; the apprehensions then existing he has entirely scattered by a splendid administration. He has administered his office in such a manner that he has gained the respect even of those who were his bitter opponents. If he should be nominated now for a second term, his candidacy would not be judged according to what was formerly thought of him—erroneously—but according to what he has proved himself to be, according to that which he is.

The American people are not so narrow minded as to be biased by old prejudices when they have perceived their mistake. The American people are not so stupid as to believe that justice has once been done by Mr. Arthur would rather be of advantage to him than otherwise, for it would awaken the desire to rectify the injustice done.

What Blackburn Loses.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

And so "Joe" goes into the senate. Another

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What Blackburn Loses.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

And so "Joe" goes into the senate. Another chatter from the house is transplanted to the grimace and exasperating denunciations of that charnel house of oratory, youth, vigor, and perseverance. It will seem very quiet to "Joe," but he will soon get used to it. Some of the friskiest of his old associates in the house are over at that end of the capitol now, drowsing away the monotony of the session by the aid of the dull and tedious debate. There's no chance there for "Joe" to fire his forefinger at the chair and howl "Mr. Speaker," and prance up and down the aisle and skip over the desks and swap compliments and curs words with "Joe." He will have to sit still and twirl his thumbs for a year before he can do anything more than more to adjourn—and they don't always let new senators do that the first year. He has, however, the remainder of the present congress in which he can caper about the house and work off the exuberance of his spirits before entering upon the solemnities of the senate chamber. And it is not impossible that with the transfer of so many of the frisky members from the lower house the senate itself may be stood on its head some day. On the whole, though, we are rather inclined to congratulate Kentucky. The chances were that she would do so great a loss. "Joe" Blackburn is not a bad fellow. He is impulsive and sometimes tells the truth about his party at very opportune moments.

Knew What She Wanted.

Philadelphia Call.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Mrs. Blank, "you are always getting things wrong."
 "What is the matter now?" asked Mr. Blank, spreading out on the floor a magnificent black fur rug which he had just purchased.
 "Don't you see how long and straight that hair is?" asked Mrs. Blank.
 "Certainly, that is its beauty."
 "And it is black."
 "Of course, black and glossy."
 "I told you to get a goat skin with red curly hair."
 "I know," said Mr. Blank, "but I looked at the others and considered this much handsomer."
 "But think of the trouble we will have at our meals," persisted Mrs. Blank.
 "Trouble?"
 "Yes, our cook has straight black hair."
 "Well?"
 "Whenever we find any in the food she will blame it on the rug. That is why I wanted red."

London's Growth.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

There is a great interest in regard to the status of London in point of comparative growth, and Lohie's "History of London," now in the hands of the English public, gives the exact facts and figures that they have been obtaining from the census. The London of 1669, lying almost wholly north of the Thames river, occupied an area of only two square miles in extent. In 1815 it had increased to an area of six square miles. Between that date and 1884 the metropolis a little more than doubled its extent. But the marvellous growth was from 1841 to 1881. In the period of time between those dates the bulk of London was swollen till, instead of having six square miles as it did in 1815, or sixteen as in 1841, it reached over an area of between seventy and eighty square miles, and is yet increasing rather than diminishing. It is a fact, however, that none of the other English cities show an adequate correspondence of growth.

Bouncing a Neighbor's Enterprise.

New York World.

The Tribune's account of Mr. Henry Ward Beecher's visit Tuesday night to Niblo's garden to see Mrs. Langtry act was one of the most graphic and interesting things we have read in that paper for a long time. The famous reporter who was detailed to look after Mr. Beecher described with marvelous accuracy how he came in, how he sat down in his seat, how the audience stared at his venerable gray hairs and divided their admiration between him and Mrs. Langtry, and added a gracious touch about Mr. Beecher's attempt to shrink from public life. The picture of our contemporaries. We are not envious. It is true Mr. Beecher happened to be at the Parker house, in Boston, on Tuesday night, but we feel sure that no man who can appreciate bright journalism when he sees it will allow an incident of that kind to warp his judgment or cool his admiration.

Reformation on the Kentucky Plan.

New York Sun.

Judging from the utterances of the press Mr. Morrison's tariff bill is a failure. The free traders don't like it much, and the protectionists scoff at it. Even the revenue reformers make faces. They say it won't reduce the revenue more than fifteen or twenty millions. In that event, then, let the revenue reformers all go in for taking off the whiskey and tobacco taxes. That will reform the revenue in earnest.

Gath's Power and Hart's Vulnerability.

Albany Argus.

A New York jury has decided that Mr. Joshua Hart can be injured by Mr. George Alfred Townsend's words. An important question of vulnerability and power is thus judicially settled.

Norfolk Notes.

Special Dispatch.

NORFOLK, Va., Feb. 7.—At a meeting of the Virginia Amateur Rowing association, held in this city to-day, it was decided to hold a grand regatta over the Campagna course, near here, on July 4, for the championship.

Registration commences in this city for the election on the 21st instant, on Saturday, the 9th, and continues six days. The coalitionists will meet the issue with Banks and Parker, representatives from this city lately unseated. A. J. Dalton, one of the democratic candidates, has declined to run, and

CURRENT GOSSIP.

DO NOT MOURN.

Oh, do not mourn when I am dead,
 Compounded with the dull, cold clay,
 I would not have thee bow thy head,
 Or weep for me one single day.
 I love too much your noble truth
 To cause one sigh for me when dead,
 And looking on your blooming youth,
 Can wish no tears when life has fled.

Forget me when I've passed away—
 Go, love another for my sake,
 And let your life be bright as day,
 And pure and good as truth can make.

Oh, do not weep that cold, black veil,
 To blazon grief at fashion's beld,
 Nor let one throbbing, pulsing vein
 Bemoan me when I'm buried weal.

—John A. Joyce.

RALPH WEDGEWOOD, the inventor of the famous Wedgewood pottery, in 1841 invented what seems to be the true ancestor of the Morse electric telegraph. He offered his invention, with an accompanying description setting forth its virtues, to the government, which, through its agent, Lord Castlereagh, it most emphatically declined.

MRS. MARY MILLER, who wants to run her own steamboat, is described as a trim little woman, whom nobody would credit with years enough to be the mother, as she is, of four children, two of whom are nearly grown. She came of a "steamboat family," and the ship has as much right to command a vessel as her father, who is a captain, or her late husband, also a captain.

'Ox all female servants in Prussia and Alsace-Lorraine who have uninterruptedly remained in the same family for forty years the German empress confers a golden cross, with an autograph diploma, and between the first of January, 1877, when the order was founded, and the end of December last, the distinction had been bestowed on no fewer than 1,027 persons—a creditable and interesting fact.

HEER MAAS, one of the Saxon members of the